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SECRET

December 16, 1962 - Sunday

Milder weather had been predicted for this morning. Instead, snow fell steadily for a couple of hours. Unheeding it, Truman drove me at 9:30 to Belmont in his new personal Cadillac that he uses, in his spare time, for hire. I met Daniel Murray there, to whom I explained how I wanted a survey made and a deed drawn, looking to the possible disposition of the Dobbin-O'Neill house. He generously offered to attend to this.

When we returned to Belmont, I received an urgent summons to go immediately to the White House. This meant hail and farewell to Roy Schilling and Hobbs, with whom I had intended to discuss their duties for ne. year.

I arrived, in tweeds and muddy jodhpur boots, a few minutes late, at the President's elegant upstairs study. I have never seen a room furnished more admirably or attractively.

McNamara, Ros Gilpatric, George Ball, Mac Bundy, Jeff Kitchen, Alexis Johnson, were there. Skybolt was on the carpet. The President asked many questions. After an hour there was enough agreement for him to direct the preparation of a draft to be presented to him tomorrow. He enjoined strict secrecy on us. We adjourned to the War Room, lunchless.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR
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FA or FOI EXEMPTIONS

I got home late this afternoon, in time to change for drinks at the Arthur Gardners, followed by dinner at Averell Harriman's.

There was a congregation at the Harrimans, consisting of Marie and Averell, Mary Bundy, Geoffrey Parsons, Mike Forrestal, Ken Galbraith, Bill Walton, Mary Russell. Conversation was lively. Ken was positive. We wandered over the map, reviving memories of Dien Bin Phou, Quemoy, Matsu and other places. The Schlesingers came in after dinner, and added much to dialectical enjoyment.

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